Cooſen, on Wedneſday next, our counſell we will hold
At *Winſor*, ſo informer the Lords:
But come your ſelfe with ſpeed to vs againe,
For more is to be ſayd, and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.

Weſt. I will my Liege. *Exeunt.*

Enter Prince of Wales and Sir Iohn Falſtaffe.

Falſ. Now *Hal*, what time of day is it lad?

Prince. Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking of old Sacke, and vnbuttoning thee after ſupper, & ſleeping vpon Benches after noone, that thou haſt forgotten to demaund that truely, which thou wouldeſt truely know. What a deuill haſt thou to doe with the time of the day? vnleſſe houres were cups of Sacke, and minutes Capons, & Clocks the tongues of Bawdes, and Dials the ſignes of Leaping houſes, and the bleſſed Sunne himſelfe a faire hot Wench in flame-coulered Taffata; I ſee no reaſon why thou ſhouldeſt be ſuperfluous to demaund the time of the day.

Falſ. Indeed you come neere me now *Hal*; for we that take Purſes, goe by the Moone and ſeuen Starres, and not by *Phœbus*, he, that wandring knight ſo faire: and I prethee ſweete wagge, when thou art King, as God ſaue thy Graee; Maieſty I ſhould ſay, for Grace thou wilt haue none.

Prince. VVhat none?

Falſ. No by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerue to be prologue to an Egge and Butter.

Prince. VVell, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Falſ. Mary then, ſweet wag, when thou art King, let not vs that are Squires of the nights body, be called Theeues of the dayes beauty: let vs be *Dianaes* Forreſters, Gentlemen of the ſhade, minions of the Moone; and let men ſay, we be men of good gouernment, being gouerned as the Sea is, by our noble and chaſt Miſtris the Moone; vnder whoſe countenaunce we ſteale.

Prince. Thou ſayeſt well, and it holdes well too, for the fortune of vs that are the Moones men, doth ebbe and flow like the Sea, being gouerned as the Sea is by the Moone; as for proofe.

proofe. Now a Purſe of gold moſt reſolutely ſnatcht on
day night, and moſt diſſolutly ſpent on Tueſday mo
got with ſwearing lay by, and ſpent with crying bri
now in as low an ebbe as the foote of the Ladder, and b
in as high a flow as the ridge of the Gallowes.

Falſ. By the Lord thou ſaieſt true lad: and is not m
ſteſſe of the Tauerne a moſt ſweet wench?

Prince. As the hony of *Hibla*, my old lad of the Caſtle
not a Buffe Ierkin a moſt ſweet robe of durance?

Falſ. How now, how now mad wagge, what in thy
and thy quiddities? What a plague haue I to doe with
Ierkin?

Prince. Why what a poxe haue I to doe with my H
of the Tauerne?

Falſ. Well, thou haſt cald her to a reckoning many
and oft.

Prince. Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

Falſ. No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou haſt payd all the

Prin. Yea and elſe where, ſo far as my coyne would
and where it would not, I haue vſed my credit.

Falſ. Yea, and ſo vſde it, that were it not heere appara
thou art Heire apparant. But I prethee ſweet wag, ſhal t
Gallows ſtanding in *England* when thou art King? & re
on thus fubd as it is with the ruſty curb of old father ant
Law: doe not thou when thou art a King, hang a Thee

Prin. No, thou ſhalt.

Falſ. Shall I? O rare! by the Lord Ile be a braue Iudge

Prin. Thou iudgeſt falſe already. I meane thou ſhalt h
hanging of the Theeues, and ſo become a rare Hangman

Falſ. VVell *Hal*, well, and in ſome ſort it iumpes w
humor, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

Prin. For obtaining of ſutes?

Falſ. Yea, for obtaining of ſutes, whereof the Ha
hath no leane Wardrop. Zblood I am as malancholy as
Cat, or a lugd Beare.

Prin. Or an old Lion, or a Louers Lute.

Falſ. Yea, or the Drone of a Lincolnſhire Bagpipe.

Prin. VVhat ſayeſt thou to a Hare, or the malanch